



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**FEBRUARY
1964**





MISS KAW NAU, from Myitkyina, Burma, one of the Burmese nurses in Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave's hospital unit responsible for the Chinese wounded coming in from the Yuban Ga front line in January 1944. She had been on Seagrave's staff for five years. U. S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Most important** announcement we've made in years appears elsewhere in this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Be sure to read the article about Roundup's **Return to India** in 1964 . . . then make plans to join us in this fabulous trip back to CBI. Don't put it off; let us hear from you soon!

● **Cover photo** shows Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave (left) with Lt. Gen. L. J. Sun, commanding general of the Chinese 38th Division, discussing the health of a Chinese patient in Colonel Seagrave's Ningam Sakan hospital unit. U. S. Army photo taken in January 1944. An item on another page tells of problems Dr. Seagrave is now facing in Burma.

● **An article** in the January issue told of riots in Srinagar, Kashmir, over the theft of a 600-year-old-sacred relic—a single hair of the prophet Mohammed. It is reported now that Srinagar is back to normal again; the sacred relic was found intact in the Hazratbal shrine, from which it had been missing. An investigation is being made to find out who was responsible for the disappearance, which was called a "grave sacrilege".

● **Be sure** to let us know about any change of address, no matter how minor it may be. Otherwise you may miss your next issue of Roundup.

FEBRUARY, 1964



Where's McGhay?

● Have lost touch with one of my old Hindu buddies. Thought maybe you would print a line and maybe someone will know his whereabouts. It's Warrant Officer Durwood H. McGhay, Field Artillery. He was stationed near Washington, D. C., the last time I heard from him. Regular Army man, and should have at least 30 years service by now; might be retired. Would sure like to get in touch, as he can furnish me with information I need in writing my "Memoirs." McGhay was from Kansas, started his Army career from Fort Sill, Okla. Also anyone stationed at Ramgarh, Bihar, India, who would like to get in touch with me; would appreciate it very much. After 20 years I need as much help as I can get.

REX SMITH,
107 West Holland,
Irving, Texas



TEMPLE of the Gods at Moguang, Burma. Photo by A. M. Meade.



GENERAL Joe Stilwell and a news photographer, in 1944, have Chinese mechanic trouble just out of Shaduzup. Photo by G. C. Wendle, M. D.

Pieces of India

● Have thoroughly enjoyed reading "Pieces of India," that delightful collection of missionary experiences in India written by Richard A. Welfle, S.J., and published by Loyola University Press, 3441 North Ashland Ave., Chicago 13, Ill. Let's have more Father Welfle stories in Roundup!

NELSON MARTIN,
Omaha, Nebr.

Needs Information

● Made the CBIVA convention in Milwaukee last August—was sure nice to see some of the old gang again. I am seeking information as to whereabouts of David Collins, formerly in the ATC (1340th AF Base Unit), at Kunming, China. Dave was from Ohio, and was heard from at Chevy Chase, Md., several years ago. I am planning a trip out east this June and would like to hear from any

of my buddies now living in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New England who served in the 1340th and 1350th AAF Wing Headquarters at Kunming.

THOMAS F. LYNCH
1404 W. Belmont Lane,
St. Paul, Minn.

Buffalo Installs

● The Buffalo Basha, CBIVA, had installation of officers on Jan. 4. National Commander Haldor Reinhold installed the following: Commander, Julian V. Kotarski; vice commander, Loris L. Durfee; adjutant, Loren R. Durfee; finance officer, Harold N. Salhoff; judge advocate, Albert C. Taylor Jr.; provost marshal, Stanley R. Ratajczak.

LOREN R. DURFEE,
Buffalo Basha Adjutant,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Iowa Meeting

● The Carl F. Moershel Basha of Iowa will hold its spring meeting at Amana, Iowa, on Saturday, May 2. We have changed the date this year due to running into too much competition and inclement weather when we had the meeting the first Saturday after Easter the past few years. Dinner will be served at Sahib Bill Leichsenring's Ox Yoke Inn which is now better known as the "Firpo's of the Amanas." Sahibs Henry Hertel and Fritz Marz will have charge of other arrangements. Registration will start at 2 p.m. on May 2.

RAY ALDERSON,
Iowa Basha Adjutant,
Dubuque, Iowa



PARADISE THEATRE at Karachi, advertising Margaret O'Brien in "Music for Millions." Photo by A. M. Meade.



BEGGAR in Karachi sits in middle of sidewalk, asking for "bakshesh." Photo by A. M. Meade.

About Pictures

● The fellow who took picks on our caption showing B-24's in the October issue was obviously correct. There are great differences between B-24's and B-29's. I guess my mind was on something else when I wrote the captions. A while back another fellow claimed that the air strip at Kweilin was shown, not another strip as the caption showed. There's no mistaking Kweilin; it's one in the world. The fellow is correct, of course. It shows one thing. At least the readers are paying attention. Here's another correction which probably should have been made clear before you ran the gamut. It would have been physically impossible for me to have taken all of those photographs. I never so claimed, but I was remiss in not writing to you about the origin of them to correct your impression once you started using them. I merely collected them. Most of the photos came from the 16th Combat Camera Unit attached to the Fourteenth Air Force in Kunming. Their adjutant,

Howard Pennybaker, was a good friend of mine, and he made them available to me when I was ATC's first communications officer in Kunming. The 16th was a group of fellows that came from various Hollywood studios, and they were a heluva outfit. The rest of the photos were "rescued" from Roundup disposal baskets during the six months I was on the Roundup staff

in New Delhi before heading home in June of 1945. I have a few more and will forward them presently. Perhaps you'd like to make some reference to the above sources in the form of a correction.

SIDNEY R. ROSE
Milwaukee, Wis.

There's really no need for a correction on the credits, Sid, although we're glad to use this opportunity for an explanation. When we mention "Photo by John Doe," we're giving credit to the man who sent us the picture, regardless of its original source, unless we have also been given the identity of the actual photographer. And we'd be happy to have more pictures from your fine collection!—Ed.

Reunion Planned

● If space is available in one of the future issues, please mention the 780th Engr. Pet. Dist. Co. will hold its next reunion in Newark, N.J., Labor Day weekend, Sept. 5-6-7, 1964. Former members contact Harry Dollahite, 22 Vanderburgh Ave., Larchmont, N.Y. Look forward to the magazine; keep them coming.

FRANK CROCOMBE,
Centereach, L.I., N.Y.



STREET CAR in Karachi. Photo by A. M. Meade.

Return to India in 1964

That big opportunity you've been looking for—a chance to go back to India with a group of CBIers—can now be realized!

Except for a few minor details, arrangements have been completed for Roundup's Return to India in 1964. For many it can be a 20th anniversary of service in that fabulous land.

Our tour is set up to leave New York October 2, 1964, and to return to New York 22 days later, on October 24. We'll travel to and from India by K.L.M. jet planes, with a couple days sightseeing in Amsterdam, Holland, en route to the Far East and two full days in Rome, Italy, on the way home.

There will be 16 days in India, during which we will visit Calcutta, Kathmandu, Banares, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri and Delhi. Because it would be impossible to schedule all the places CBIers might like to go, we have left one week open—from October 14 through 20—during which those taking the tour are free to travel anywhere they may wish. We will meet again October 21 in Karachi, Pakistan, for the return trip to the U.S.A.

Longtime subscribers will remember that Roundup sponsored a **Pilgrimage to India** in 1955. This was a round-the-world tour, which took from October 8 to November 20, and it was a terrific bargain at the cost of approximately \$2,250.

Sentiment this year seemed to favor a somewhat shorter trip, since many are unable to get away for a period of several weeks. Since the primary object of the trip is to visit India, we decided to cut out everything else except one stop-over in each direction—and in that way to save both time and money for those participating in the tour.

As a result of this action, it is now possible to offer the trip on a "double" basis of \$1,272 per person. For singles, \$80 must be added. This includes the fare from New York to India and return to New York; hotel rooms except for October 14 through 20 when you are free for independent activities; all transfers of passengers and authorized baggage, admissions, guides, tips, transportation as stipulated in the itinerary, motor sightseeing and excursions as scheduled, and services of tour director for the escorted portions of the tour; all meals on escorted portion of the tour in India for 10 days; and all hotels and sightseeing in both Amsterdam and Rome.

Details of the sightseeing to be offered will be covered in a story to appear in the March issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Al-

though a full schedule has been arranged, there are occasional breaks to keep the trip from becoming too tiring.

Arrangements for the tour have been made by D. W. Keyes of the Vincennes Travel Service, Vincennes, Ind., a long-time Roundup subscriber who served in India during World War II.

While it has been planned primarily for Roundup readers, we are glad to extend an invitation to your friends also. We'd be delighted to have them join us in this low cost tour if recommended by you.

If you want further information, let us know. If you prefer, you can drop a line direct to D. W. Keyes, Vincennes Travel Service, 405 Main Street, Vincennes, Ind., who will be glad to answer your questions.

Don't forget, October will soon be here. It isn't too early to make definite plans to participate in **Roundup's Return to India in 1964.**



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On The

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JULY 24 1945



BURNING GHATS



HINDUS DISPOSE OF THEIR DEAD BY THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF CREMATION



BEGGAR



GUSHKARA COOLIE



SMOKER

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NINTH OF A SERIES of picture layouts by the 7th Photo Tech. Sq. to be presented in Ex-CBI Roundup is this "Issue No. 11" dated July 24, 1945. The Ground Glass was a voluntary effort to give members of the squadron mementos of their tour of duty. These layouts used through the courtesy of Gordon Smock and Wm. S. Johnson.

FEBRUARY, 1964

They Served At Chabua

The mural picture in the January issue of *Ex-CBI Roundup*, reprinted from a recent issue of the *Air Force Times*, is already bringing response from CBI'ers who were either stationed at Chabua or visited there during World War II.

William A. Mathiesen of Chicago, Ill., writes: "I remember Chabua quite well. A small group of us finally got there just before Christmas 1943 after a long complicated trip up the river and thru the woods at about the time the Japs were trying to break thru that area. We left Chabua for China that same year."

From Andy Smeenge of Holland, Mich., comes this note: "Many years ago I worked on this base and I have many memories of the happenings on this airfield. The Assam Air Depot was located at this base with Air Corps supplies for 'over the Hump.' C46's and C47's operated by ATC took off from this airfield at regular intervals every day with supplies for China. I was under the impression that this was one of the most important operations in the CBI theater. I do not recall the mural but I have a booklet showing that this airfield had the only 'Red Cap Service' in India."

Homer G. Whitmore of Rochester, N.Y., writes: "In my first few months in CBI, I was stationed at Advanced Section 2 at Chabua. At the airfield was an ATC wing charged with helping move ordnance, gasoline and supplies to Chinese troops at Kunming and other Chinese areas over the Hump and supplying General Chennault's 14th Air Force."

"In 1943 Madame Chiang Kai-shek visited the States and returned with many personal acquisitions such as clothing, radios, a refrigerator, etc. There was much complaining when loaded, and the pilots complained at carrying personal belongings even for the first lady of an ally. It would seem that this mural dealt expressly with such a matter as this."

"This information came from men at the airfield. Chabua was a staging point for Americans en route for Chinese duty at Chungking and other spots. The materials shipped over were stored in SOS warehouse bashas in the area under Advanced Section 2 headquarters."

There will undoubtedly be more letters on this subject, but time ran out before others arrived. In the meantime, *Air Force Times* has been hearing from CBI'ers on the subject.

Among those who have contacted the *Times* are Maj. Charles R. Criswell of the 11th Transportation Squadron at Altus

AFB, Okla.; Lt. Col. W. A. Pouncey, who is stationed at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C.; Lt. Col. Donald W. Venn of Marshall, Mich.; CWO Leopold Shumacker II of Hq. Sq. 839th Combat Spt. Gp. at Sewart AFB, Tenn.; Capt. George W. Vincent of the 1910th Communications Sq. in Denver, Colo.; Walter W. Downs of Elmwood Park, Ill.; Lt. Col. William A. Domedion of Buffalo, N.Y.; Maj. Ted Solinski of Nashville, Tenn.; Col. John V. Patterson Jr. of Lackland AFB, Tex.; Lt. Col. Arthur W. Clark of Durham, N.C.; and Maj. Richard C. Wolff of Wilford Hall Hospital at Lackland.

All of those writing the *Times* told of operations at Chabua or experiences in connection with the base, but there was a difference of opinion about the mural.

Colonel Pouncey said the woman shown in the mural is probably one of the nurses attached to the 95th or 111th General hospital. The nurses had a lot of baggage, he recalls, and the mural shows the weighing of one nurse's belongings, with the thought that her baggage might displace a GI on an aircraft.

CWO Shumacker believed the mural shows a combat returnee on R&R arguing with a passenger traffic clerk over the weight of his accompanied baggage.

Captain Vincent was of the opinion the murals "were inspired by stories and cartoons that appeared in *CBI Roundup*, a military newspaper . . . published in New Delhi, India. The mural depicted . . . relates to a cartoon in the *CBI Roundup* in which a G. I. is trying to "weigh in" some excess baggage on his way home from or en route to China.

"The excess baggage, of course, is the buxom lass in the background. The original cartoon, as I remember, had a G. I. with a barracks bag filled with a maiden from India, which he was trying to carry with him . . ."

Walter W. Downs explains the significance of the mural as "weigh in time" and says: "Prior to airlift over the Hump, each individual was limited as to the weight of his or her personal effects to be airlifted and, invariably, everyone was overweight. The discussion in the picture is between ATC personnel, an American Red Cross girl and GI Joe—too much weight."

Major Solinski was of the opinion that the mural "refers to some GI passenger trying to sneak more weight into his luggage before departing either for China or Stateside. As for that . . . dame . . . wow! What an imagination the artist

had. I never saw anything like that over there."

Colonel Patterson guessed that the mural's message may be that a USO entertainer or an Army nurse has out-prioritized a Burma-Ledo Road vet for a flight.

Colonel Clark says the mural's theme is that the China-bound GI can go and the baggage on the scale can go, but the woman has got to stay behind.

Major Wolff told the Times that the

girl in the mural was a USO performer, Pan Merriman, who was killed in a plane crash flying from Calcutta to Delhi in 1945, and that the picture was done in her memory.

Ex-CBI Roundup wonders if the correct answer has been found, and hopes to present more letters in an early issue. Perhaps some Roundup reader actually painted the mural, and can tell us the complete story. —The End



TWENTIETH CENTURY CHINA. By O. Edmund Clubb. Columbia University Press, New York, N.Y. January 1964. \$7.95.

A concise political history of China, from 1900 to the present, by a man who has wide first-hand knowledge of his subject. He was the last U.S. Consul General in Peiping, leaving in 1949. He had been with the U.S. Foreign Service in China, Indochina, and Manchuria for almost 20 years. The author describes the Chiang Kai-shek years and the Kuomintang-Communist struggle, and makes an appraisal of Communist China's history and its probable course in the future.

THE MONUMENTAL ART OF CHINA. Text by Peter Swann; photographs by Claude Arthaud and Francois Hebert-Stevens. The Viking Press, New York, N.Y. November 1963. \$16.00.

Photographic views, many of them never before seen in the West, are reproduced in this dramatic book of Chinese monumental art that includes sculptures of the Han dynasty, Buddhist temples and wall paintings, the Ming tombs, and Peking and the Forbidden City.

THE CHINESE LAKE MURDERS. By Robert van Gulik. Avon Books, New York, N.Y. February 1964. Paperback, 50c.

A Judge Dee mystery set in ancient China. The shrewd and sophisticated Chinese detective is involved in several cases, including the murder of a beautiful courtesan and the mysterious disappearance of the body of a bride who has died on her wedding night.

A SHORT HISTORY OF JAPAN. By Malcolm D. Kennedy. New American Library (Mentor Originals), New York, N.Y. February 1964. Paperback, 75c.

A retired British officer who spent more than 15 years in the Far East, mainly in Japan, traces the progress of Japanese politics and cultural life from its earliest beginnings to the present time.

THE MARTYRED. By Richard E. Kim. George Braziller, New York, N.Y. February 1964. \$4.50

A moving novel of the conflict in the souls of men, by a young Korean who served in both the ROK and U.S. armies in the Korean War. The story is about a Korean Army intelligence investigation into the deaths of 12 Korean Christian ministers, captured by Communists, and the release of two of them. The "simple" investigation turns into a deep probing of man's faith and of the principles by which men live.

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An Easy Way to Lose Weight

By NEIL L. MAURER

If you're trying to lose weight, perhaps the U. S. Air Force has the answer for you.

This somewhat overweight newspaper man, with Air Force help, was able to lose 172 pounds recently in a matter of seconds. There was only one catch to it—every pound was regained just as rapidly as it had been lost.

While the pounds were gone, however, it was possible for me to float through the air completely relaxed, to soar about like a bird, and to turn end over end without fear of injury.

Space Age Travel

This was made possible through an orientation tour to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio, designed by the Secretary of the Air Force to acquaint a few editors, publishers and other members of the Fourth Estate with specific activities and accomplishments pertinent to the defense of the nation. Of special interest in the tour was an invitation to examine and experience the character of weightlessness which is an inherent element of space age travel and communication.

Arrangements were made through the Secretary's Mid-West Office of Information at Chicago, Ill., of which Col. George L. Jesse is chief. Capt. William F. Dickson, chief of the operations sections, was in charge of the tour from Chicago.

Those of us who accepted the invitation had no idea what we were getting into, but it sounded interesting in this space age. The only hint was one paragraph in the letter of instructions received from the information office: "Please bring boots or high-top shoes with you. These are important to protect the ankles in the event you happened to bump the side of the plane while experiencing weightlessness."

The boots came in handy at Wright-Pat.

No Gravity

The experience in which we participated is known as the "Zero G" program of the Aeronautical Systems Division, Air Force Systems Command. It was designed to secure information about weightlessness, including such areas as fluid dynamics and heat transfer, operator performance, human limitations, etc., and for zero gravity indoctrination of astronauts. Tests are made on both men and equipment.

For those unfamiliar with the term, "Zero G" exists when there is no force

of gravity, one G is normal gravity, and two G's is twice the force of gravity. All of these terms are used in explaining the program.

Weightless flight is achieved with two types of aircraft at Wright-Patterson. These are the C-131B, which is similar to the Convair 340, and the KC-135. Our "Zero G" flight was aboard the C-131B, which has a padded area in the aft portion of the aircraft cabin measuring approximately six feet high, 10 feet wide and 25 feet long for free-floating experiments.

Modifications have been made in the aircraft to enable it to operate in a zero G environment. These include special attachments to prevent propeller overspeeding, an oil expulsion system to keep from burning up the engines during the maneuver, special battery caps to prevent the battery acid from floating away, etc. Frequent checks are made for air-



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craft structural fatigue and stress, and after each flight for excessive engine wear.

To provide weightless flight, the aircraft is taken to an altitude of 12,000 feet. It then dives at an angle of 15 degrees until it reaches a speed of 250 knots. At that time the pilot pulls up to a 45-degree climb angle at $2\frac{1}{2}$ G's and goes into a parabolic curve. He must discontinue the maneuver at a dive angle of 45 degrees to make a recovery at two to $2\frac{1}{2}$ G's and 250-knot airspeed without exceeding the design limit of the aircraft. A zero G condition exists in the aircraft for approximately 15 seconds during this maneuver while the aircraft is going over the curve.

Group Divided

Our group was divided for the weightlessness experience, with five on the morning flight and six of us in the afternoon. Test Director Donald Griggs was our monitor, and Capt. Edwin Hatzenboehler and crew handled the aircraft. All of these men are "old hands" in the zero G business.

Because both pilot and co-pilot must give full attention to the maneuver, there is no time to watch for air traffic. For that reason all weightlessness flights are made in a special restricted area about 30 miles from the base.

Test Director Griggs gave last-minute instructions as we flew to the area. This is necessary because the $2\frac{1}{2}$ G entry and recovery from each parabola constitute a potential injury hazard to inexperienced subjects. Proof of his ability as a monitor is the fact that the only injuries in all zero flights made thus far have been two broken ankles and one chipped tooth.

No Drinking Water

For our first period of weightlessness we were each given a cup of water, which we were holding as we went into the power dive. On the pull-out we were held to the floor by the more-than-doubled force of gravity, but suddenly something strange happened. I felt my hands and feet rise as the force of gravity let go. Then I thought of the water—tried to drink it. As I started to raise the cup I saw the water rise from it and float away in round balls. I released the cup and it floated away. So did I!

My first tendency was to fight it, attempting to stay on the floor, then to keep my body from turning as I drifted away. A glance through the open door to the cockpit showed two heads hanging down which at first indicated that the plane must be flying upside down. Then I realized that it wasn't the plane. My feet were near the ceiling and my head was only a few inches off the floor.

Each period of weightlessness lasted only about 15 seconds, yet it's surprising

how far you can float around an airplane in that short time. Then suddenly I began to feel weight again. . . and Griggs yelled "Hit the floor!" I hit, and about that time we pulled out of the curve, thus going from zero gravity to approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the regular force of it. We were soon back to normal.

Relax and Float

This procedure was repeated a number of times, and after the surprise of the introductory period I found that one could simply relax and float in an attitude resembling the seated position, or accomplish some rotating of the body by flailing the arms or moving the legs. I seemed to have no control, however, as to which end was up!

With relaxation came the realization that the entire experience was fun. There was a feeling of exhilaration. I laughed, and discovered that my fellow passengers were having as much fun as I was.

By kicking the bulkhead at one end of the cabin with both feet, I was able to soar through the air the entire length of it. My aim in pushing off was toward the ceiling, and that's where I went. I was told later that velocities of more than 15 feet per second are attained by soaring in this manner.

Medicine Ball

Four of us were seated on the floor, tossing a heavy medicine ball around the circle as we went into one power dive. The ball suddenly became too heavy to lift, and I found it difficult to push it across the floor. But suddenly it rose in the air and floated away as the zero G state was reached.

Another experiment involved the use of a small board with handles on each side. Two of us held the handles, with instructions to turn in different directions. Next thing we knew we were in the air, and both bodies were rotating. This was to illustrate the difficulty of making any repairs to a space craft. Attempting to use an ordinary screwdriver wouldn't turn the screw; it would only result in rotation of the body.

A couple tests were made with lunar G, rather than zero G. Lunar G is approximately half the regular force of gravity, and is similar to the gravitational force of the moon. We were able to run in the plane without floating away, but we moved with a long floating step. Although I have no plans to walk on the moon, I now know what it would be like to do so.

Work went on during our flight of approximately an hour and a half. In the back of the plane was a man testing adhesive shoes, designed to permit a space man to walk with an earth-oriented gait. He appeared to be pleased with results of the test.

Despite the enjoyable aspects, there is

also some discomfort in zero G flights. A rather high incidence of motion sickness and nausea has been noted, with approximately half of the participants having some difficulty. About 25 per cent become ill. On our particular flight only one of six became ill, and he was a man who had made many flights in the past without difficulty.

My own condition? Perspiring and "queasy" by the time our final maneuver was completed. One more might have been too many!

A crew member remarked that no one should feel embarrassed about being ill on one of these flights. Four doctors went up on one test, he said, and the score was four to nothing. Even two of the astronauts, especially picked for space travel, were affected by such illness. It is believed that the acceleration profile of the flight maneuver, with sudden transition from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to zero G time after time, may in many cases be responsible for

the nausea. There is also some connection with the force of gravity—or lack of it—on the inner ear.

Research Projects

In addition to the weightlessness experience, we were introduced to much of the research now being conducted at Wright-Patterson in connection with the space program. It gave us a better understanding of the many problems that still must be solved. We also visited the Air Force Museum, which is open to the public and recommended to anyone who may travel through the area.

Before we left, at a dinner in our honor, Lt. Col. E. L. Smith of the Aeronautical Systems Division presented each of us with a certificate to prove that we are now members of the "Society of Space Free Floaters, Interplanetary."

Despite this qualification, I've decided not to be an astronaut. There are too many complications. I'd rather just go on paying taxes to help send someone else to the moon.

—THE END

Burma Surgeon Faces New Struggle

By The Associated Press

RANGOON, BURMA—At 66, Burma Surgeon Gordon S. Seagrave is fighting to keep his nonsectarian hospital operating at Namhkam, in the hills of northern Burma, in the face of government moves toward greater nationalization of the country's resources.

An edict revoking permits for foreign doctors has affected two of his assistants. The government's \$10,000 yearly grant has not been renewed. Drugs and medicines previously brought in free of duty from the United States now are being taxed.

Despite these trials, Dr. Seagrave told friends that he would "fight on to the very end."

His chief administrative assistant, U. Tun Shein, visiting in Rangoon, said that Dr. Seagrave was showing the stress and strain of his decades of service in Burma.

"He suffers from chronic dysentery and a perpetual sinus complaint," Tun Shein said. "His eyesight is faltering, but he refuses to admit it."

The mission has anxiously watched the government take over two big mission hospitals in Rangoon and the Red Cross Society. The authorities have given no indication of wanting to take over the hospital in Namhkam, Tun Shein said, but the threat is apparent.

Dr. Seagrave's two top assistants—Dr. Joseph Newhall, 37, from Florida, and Dr.

Olwen Silgado, an Indian national—are finding it difficult to renew their permits to stay in Burma.

Though an American citizen, Dr. Seagrave has not been affected by the drive against foreign doctors because he was born in Burma.

The hospital, though crude and understaffed by western standards, is the best equipped one north of Mandalay. The wards usually are crowded beyond their 300 bed capacity.

The Communist Chinese border is less than 50 miles away. Chinese sometimes bring their sick to the "white magician."

Dr. Seagrave has stopped operating. His assistants call upon him in complicated cases, but he seldom touches the scalpel.

Tun Shein said that upward of \$40,000 a year was needed to run the hospital. In the past Dr. Seagrave received a \$10,000 grant from the Burmese government and smaller grants from Shan and Kachin state governments. Grateful patients and rich Chinese merchants contributed around \$25,000. Financial help received from the United States is mostly spent on drugs and hospital equipment.

—THE END

Changing Your Address?

Notify Roundup!



*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—India's first duty-free shop is likely to be opened before the end of the year in the transit lounge of Bombay's Santa Cruz Airport. It will be run by the All-India Handicrafts Board, and will sell the large number of Indian handicrafts and other goods which are known to have attraction for the tourist. The shop may also be allowed to sell some imported items. Official sources believe that the foreign exchange earnings of such a shop can be quite considerable, and if the experiment at Santa Cruz proves a success, similar shops may be opened at other major airports.

NEW DELHI—The Soviet Union will supply 15,350 tons of equipment and material valued at Rs 6.6 crores for the two-million-ton capacity refinery being set up at Koyali in Gujarat in the public sector. Delivery will be speeded up to complete the first stage of one-million-ton capacity by the end of 1964 and the second stage by the middle of 1965.

GANGTOK—Sir Edmund Hillary said recently that the Maharajkumar of Sikkim had agreed to allow three of his Sherpas to stay in Sikkim for about a month to study high-altitude farming. On their return to Solo Kumbhu in Nepal, the Sherpas will teach others of their community how to get the most from their inhospitable terrain.

DEOGHAR—A 2½-foot-high black stone image of the Sun God, believed to be more than 1,000 years old, disappeared from the temple here. The image is considered one of the finest pieces of South Indian sculpture, depicting the Sun God sitting in a chariot drawn by seven horses. The theft is suspected to be the work of a gang engaged in stealing images of historical significance from different parts of the country.

TRIVANDRUM—Rabid dogs bit 17,110 people in Kerala during 1961-62, according to figures recently revealed in the Assembly. Of these 25 died. TB deaths during the same period numbered 635, TB patients totalled 205,425.

NAGPUR—About 112 persons, mostly women and children, were killed and more than 100 others injured when a mosque collapsed at Yeotmal, in Vidarbha.

NEW DELHI—The 30 million rats in Delhi consume a week's rations of the population every month. According to the Delhi Municipal Corporation, most of these rats are non-vegetarian but vegetarian baits are used to catch them. The Corporation catches or destroys about 1,600,000 rats every year. Health authorities claim that Delhi's rats do not carry infectious diseases, but cause only rat-bite fever. According to them rats are not a health problem but an economic one. Each rat consumes about 15 grams of grain daily.

NEW DELHI—One of the thickest coal seams in the world has been discovered in the Singrauli coalfield area in Madhya Pradesh. Second only to a seam reported from Manchuria, it has a thickness of 131.56 metres (432 feet).

DELHI—The weather office will be able to predict the arrival of the monsoon more accurately when the Nepal Himalayas research team completes its survey of the Himalayan ranges.

CALCUTTA—Twenty taxi drivers were arrested in a concerted drive in various parts of Calcutta by the Enforcement Branch police in collaboration with the Traffic Department. Offences for which they were hauled up included refusal to ply their vehicles on hire, driving away with taxi-meters covered with red linen, carrying more passengers than the number specified, charging fares higher than fixed rates and non-display of tax tokens.

DACCA—No government servant in East Pakistan will henceforth be allowed to marry a foreigner. A rule framed by an East Pakistan Governor and published in a Gazette Extraordinary said: "A Government servant who marries or promises to wed a foreigner shall be guilty of misconduct and be liable to be removed from the Government service. But a Government servant may, with the permission of the Government, marry or propose to marry an Indian citizen."

CALCUTTA—For two tense hours recently a young mother watched with heart in mouth as her month-old baby was held captive atop a 40-foot tree in Calcutta by a female monkey. A crowd of about 500, including policemen and members of the fire brigade, stood by helplessly. The monkey had taken the baby at dawn from the mother's bedroom. The problem was finally solved when a male monkey arrived on the scene. The female swung across to another tree, still firmly clutching the baby; then scrambled to the ground, hurriedly yet tenderly laid the baby down and swung away through the treetops with her new-found friend.

Up Where the Tea Grows

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S. J.

Darjeeling may be briefly described as a picturesque cluster of red roofs and glistening white walls, clinging to a ridge some 7,000 feet up in the foothills of the Himalaya mountains, and overlooking broad, deep valleys, whose slopes are green with fields of tea.

With this as my destination, I found myself one evening in a compartment on the "Darjeeling Mail," travelling north from Calcutta. Early next morning, I was rudely awakened by someone pounding on the top door, and shouting: "Siliguri! Siliguri!" I peeped through the wooden shutters of the window, to behold the same word printed in bold letters on the station wall. I then came to with a start, for it was here that I had been told to change to the Darjeeling and Himalayan Railway, which does the clumb up in the mountains. The train was already waiting just across the way.

This miniature Himalayan railway is a charming curiosity. Ever since I parted with the things of a child, and said goodbye to the little scenic railway in the park, I have never come across anything that so closely resembled it. As I approached one of the coaches, I realized that with a bit of a stretch I could almost look over the top of this baby pullman. I ambled up to the engine. The chubby little dwarf was blowing off steam just like an honest-to-goodness locomotive, but I could not help feeling that it was only bluffing. Later however I was to marvel at the pluck of this sturdy little fellow.

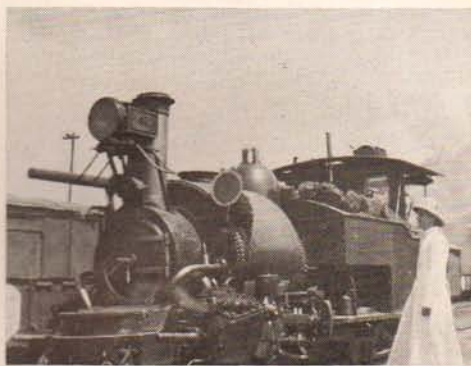
My gaze now measured out across the plains. In the distance I could see the graceful foothills of the mountains still half hid in the blue-gray mists of the morning, and above them, towering tier on tier, the rock-ribbed ridges of the higher ranges, rising up to meet those lofty snow-capped and ice-bound battlements which are India's mighty barrier on the north. The whole range was topped by the mighty mass of Kinchinjunga, which soars aloft to the dizzy height of 28,150 feet, and "glitters like the eternal laughter of the great god."

This enchanting view made me eager to get under way, and my desire was soon satisfied. The station master walked over to a length of rail suspended from the station roof, and hammered it viciously with a small bar of iron. The deafening metallic clang that resulted was a signal for the little toy train to start. There was a bit of a jolt, then a lusty wheeze and a shrill whistle from

the blustering dwarf up ahead, and soon we were rattling across that stretch of sub-tropical jungle that separates the plains from the hills, and is known as the "Terai." In places, this belt of dense vegetation is still the haunt of tigers, pythons, elephants and wild boar.

The little scenic railway now begins the ascent, which is quite abrupt, rising in about 35 miles from 300 feet above sea-level at the plains to 7,000 feet at its terminal in Darjeeling. It also passes through the various gradations of climate from tropical to sub-Alpine. The lower spurs are clad in forest greenery, and as the train zigzags up the slopes, its narrow path is arched over with branches of stately sal trees, festooned with ferns and orchids and creepers. Everything is fairly dripping with moisture, for this is one of the rainiest sections of the Himalayas. The summer monsoon, which blows up from the Bay of Bengal, has a clear sweep across the plains until it reaches the hills, where it gives up its drencing burden in an excess of 175 inches of average annual rainfall.

Twisting in and out of dark ravines and gorges, over crystal streams that come tumbling down over rocky ledges, and along precipitous slopes, the little train continues to treat one to a kaleidoscopic variety of changing scenery. Higher up, the hills are less thickly wooded, for we are now in the midst of the tea gardens. Every available hillside has been cleared and worked up into small terraces, which rise like never-ending stairs from the rugged ravines to thousands of feet above, each terrace lined with trim, stubby bushes of tea. Here and there, on some picturesque slope or ridge, the red roof and glistening white



THE AUTHOR takes a look at the little dwarf, before the trip up the mountain.



LITTLE mountain train rounds a curve on trip to Darjeeling.

walls of a planter's bungalow lend color to the landscape. Zigzag paths squirm up through the tea, giving the effects of a geometric Moorish pattern, worked on a background of green. Groups of coolies, mostly women and children, may be seen trudging along the paths, with their conical-shaped baskets on their backs, supported by bands of plaited hemp or cane passed over their foreheads. Many of them wear their earnings about the neck in the form of a necklace of silver coins. And practically every coolie, regardless of age or sex, smokes. It is amusing to see small girls who have not even approached their "teens" lighting up with a practiced hand, and puffing away on a cigarette.

Small, unsightly villages now became numerous along the way. They consisted for the most part of a line of rickety hovels, built of boards and kerosene tins, thrown together in any slipshod way. The little train showed deference for most of these ramshackle settlements by stopping for 10 or fifteen minutes, to quench its thirst and catch its breath for another climb. Several times I thought the puffing dwarf up in front had got completely stuck, but each time he calmly backed up on a spur and with a running start tried it all over again. Thus, to the lasting glory of this little toy train be it recorded that after almost five hours of constant struggle, it brought me safely to the station in Darjeeling.

During the summer season, Darjeeling is a flourishing place, for it serves as a pleasant refuge from the intolerable heat of the plains. The Governor of Bengal comes up from Calcutta to make his summer residence here, and others whose income will bear the financial strain. But the really interesting element of the population are the hill people themselves. They may be divided into the **Lepchas**,

who are the aboriginal inhabitants of these foothills; the sturdy little **Nepalese**, who have migrated from their kingdom to the West; the **Tibetans**, who have come through the pass high up in the mountains, down from the bleak plateau beyond the great snowy wall; and finally the **Bhotias** from the neighboring kingdom of Bhutan. All are cheerful, husky hillmen, and all betray Mongoloid features in their yellow skin and slanting eyes. The Lepchas, inclined to be placid and indolent, are domineered over by the more virile and aggressive Nepalese. Although of a joyous, buoyant disposition, and for the most part law-abiding, nevertheless a Nepali is seldom seen without his "Kukree", a large, curved steel blade, tucked away in his girdle. The Tibetans are tall, large-boned and deep-chested men, clad in greasy sheepskins and coarse fabrics, and decked with ornaments and amulets, some of them so massive that they would almost make a cripple of one less robust.

Although most of these people profess Hinduism or Buddhism, in actual practice their worship often takes the form of bloody sacrifices as protection against evil spirits, and their faith manifests itself in charms and amulets and prayer-flags, which may be seen fluttering in the wind along the streams and passes which the evil ones are most likely to infest. And often one will come across blood and feathers on the bank of a mountain stream, where a fowl was sacrificed to placate some malignant spirit. But of course pure Buddhism is practiced among the Tibetans. They may be seen squatting beside a path or sauntering along, incessantly plying their prayer-wheels or thumbing their beads, and repeating over and over again: "Om mani padme hum." (Hail to the jewel in the lotus.), the mystic words which they hope will gain for them eternal bliss.

There are also Buddhist monasteries



COOLIE woman lights up a cigarette as youngster waits patiently.

among the hills, and I had occasion to visit one of them. The Lama who received me was very kind and eager to show all that was to be seen. He first took me to a shrine filled with images of Buddha in various postures. Before the largest figure burned a yellow vigil light, and from a brazier rose a steady stream of incense. In one corner of the shrine stood a large revolving cylinder, kept in constant motion by a devout Lama, who greeted me with a smile, but never for a moment took his hand off the lever that kept the drum turning out its prayers. With each revolution, a small projecting metal finger tapped a bell, indicating that one more prayer had gone heavenwards.

We now made for the main temple. Exteriously it was quite unimpressive, but this only served to heighten my amazement once I got inside. The first thing to strike the eye was a massive carved figure of a squatting Buddha against the wall directly opposite the entrance. It was at least 15 feet in height, yet not really shocking to look at, in spite of such heroic stature. In front of this great central figure burned a twisted taper in a pot of oil, and on either side of it were numerous effigies of Lamastic saints, arranged in descending gradation and ending with little icons only inches high.

My Lama guide now invited me to view the sacred manuscripts. These were arranged in large pigeon holes along the wall, each tome in its allotted place, and bound in yards of red and yellow cloth. These two colors, I learned, are sacred to the Buddhists. To satisfy my curiosity, the monk unwrapped one of these manuscripts. The entire tome consisted of perhaps a hundred loose strips of parchment, about four inches wide and two feet long, stacked one above the other, and covered with Tibetan writing. I regretted that my ignorance of the language did not enable me to delve more deeply into this sacred library.

A visit to Darjeeling is not complete unless one does the climb up to Tiger Hill, to view the sunrise on the snows. The altitude of Tiger Hill is 8,500 feet, and this would make it an honest-to-goodness mountain if it were part of the Alps. But here in the Himalayas it has for neighbors such lofty peaks as Kinchinjunga and the Monarch, Everest, which dwarf it into a mere foothill. However, it commands a magnificent view of the snow-capped range, and has thus become a favorite rendezvous for tourists from every corner of the world.

When I made the last turn in the zigzag trail that leads to the top of Tiger Hill, the far horizon was already streaked with gray, and the observation platform was crowded with expectant watchers of the dawn. I managed to squeeze in, how-



WOMEN picking tea leaves on a slope of the Himalayas in the District of Darjeeling, which boasts of a world-famed tea.

ever, and was delightfully surprised to find myself right between two students from California University. We had just started a lively conversation, when someone exclaimed: "There it comes!"

I looked to the East. Out of a billowy mass of mauve-tinged clouds the rim of a blood-red disc was showing, and radiating streams of crimson against a pearly sky. I gazed across the fleecy floor of clouds and protruding ridges to the snows. The topmost peak of Kinchinjunga had already caught the light, and glowed with a delicate coral pink. As I watched, it deepened into rose, then scarlet, and a livid red. Soon the lower peaks also became inflamed, and the fleece of the clouds dyed every shade of red.

I turned to glance at my companions. All were gazing as if transfixed. Their buzzing chatter had changed to breathless admiration and suppressed sighs of wonder at this miracle of beauty.

The sun was now well up in the sky and transformed into a blazing ball of gold. The snowy peaks now donned soft saffron robes, and the mists, amber tinged, began to rise from the valleys below. I could not bring myself to leave this glorious sight until the sun was high in the heavens. And even then, as I descended the steps from the observation platform, I paused to take one last look at that great wall of ice and snow. Kinchinjunga was now decked out in all its ermined majesty, and beneath its eastern shoulder, poised serene, gleamed the graceful Siniolchu, haughty and cold, proudly upholding its glory as one of the most beautiful peaks in the world. And far down the range to the West, the tip of Everest was piercing the arching vault of virgin blue. As I finally turned to go, there was a deep joy in my heart and buoyancy in my steps, for I knew that I had gazed on beauty that I shall never forget.

—THE END

Ceylon Government Drops English

From The London Observer

COLOMBO, CELYON—After 150 years, the English language no longer has official status in Ceylon, a country where, perhaps during the days of British influence, better English was spoken than in any other part of the world.

As midnight struck on Dec. 31, the big switch-over was under way. In Colombo's massive General Hospital, admission and bed-head tickets ceased to be written in English.

At dawn the nursing nuns (Catholic sisters from all over the world who are under orders to quit Ceylon in March) went their rounds wishing their patients a Happy New Year.

Government Papers

Today Sinhalese is the country's official language. All government business will be transacted in Sinhalese. Government departments have been instructed to return all government minutes, circulars and memoranda not written in Sinhalese, to the senders.

Only in departments classified as technical will English remain—and that only for two years more, by which time personnel must become proficient in the official language or quit.

The public may continue to write in the language of their choice to the government but the replies will be in Sinhalese. And in the Northern and Eastern Tamil areas there are many who will feel second-class citizens in the land of their birth.

Their representatives intend to boycott the act and stage demonstrations. These are being held in check, however, as the act is not being vigorously rushed in the North and East.

Oil, Insurance

Two other major changes have also taken place: the total takeover of the petroleum and insurance businesses.

Already the Shell, Caltex and Esso signs are vanishing to be replaced by the red torch-carrying sprinter of Lanka Oil with East Europe and Russia as the main sources of supply.

The big oil companies, left with only limited business, have retrenched heavily, and with the government not needing all the distributing stations, there will be a few thousand unemployed. They have been promised "first choice" in other government concerns.

Insurance Firms

There will be fewer unemployed from the take-over of the insurance businesses. Fifty-one firms, forty foreign-owned, are

left with servicing old policies. All new business must be with the Ceylon Insurance Corporation, which has been doing "life insurance only" business to date. The big gain will be all the estate and freight insurance.

With the ousting of the English language, and the mainly Western (British) owned insurance and oil businesses taken over, Britain's remaining major interests are the tea estates and the agency houses, still fairly substantial.

But in the government's actions Ceylon's nationalist's see a major stride on the road to total independence.

Strike, Election

From the government's point of view all that marred the New Year was the strike by the 13,000-strong Ceylon Mercantile Union which paralysed all Colombo business houses. The two-day sympathy strike was in support of the union's members in the Port Cargo Corporation, who have been out for 60 days.

Following on this strike was a resounding defeat last week for the Freedom Party of Prime Minister Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike in the rural electorate of Nikaweratiya.

The Freedom Party, which has held the constituency at three successive elections, lost to the right-wing United National Party, and was relegated to third place.

The changes heralded by the bells and crackers on New Year's Eve, however, are likely to prove some compensation should Mrs. Bandaranaike decide to hold a general election this year.—THE END.

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An Editor Visits India

This is the fourth in a series of several articles by a Kansas newspaper man, which were written during his recent visit to India. The author is editorial page editor of The Hutchinson News, daily newspaper published at Hutchinson, Kan.

By JOHN P. HARRIS

NASIK—This city has a population of 1½ lakhs, as the Indians invariably put it. That's 150,000. Glancing at its business center a westerner is inclined to say that it couldn't have one-fourth that many people. After fighting his way through the narrow streets across Nasik, he is satisfied that there have been considerably more than 1½ lakhs of people barring his way.

There is really not much to say about Nasik. Essentially it is the center for an agricultural area of some importance by Indian standards. The area has been extended and enriched by two or three dams which have been constructed since independence. There is an army post nearby and a little new industry. On the outskirts there is a modest amount of new public housing.

Venerated Stream

Nasik is on the headwaters of the Godavari River, which, next to the Ganges, is India's most religiously venerated stream. It has an unusual number of Hindu temples of great beauty, although they are not to be compared either in size or in intricacy of carvings with those of the south. It is the scene of many small Hindu pilgrimages through the year.

But Nasik's sights are not sufficiently eye-catching to attract the foreign tourist, and there would be no place for him to stay if he came. The British put little of their impress on it. There is little tangible evidence of progress through the development programs of independent India.

So Nasik remains much as it long has been. Another not too important small Indian city. A place where there are no rich, where the affluent have far less in a material way than a skilled worker at home enjoys, and where the very poor lead such mean lives as to be almost indescribable.

Ageless City

Nasik is not old; it is ageless. It is weather-beaten, but still strong in its traditional pattern. It is a community in which Old India has rather successfully withstood the onslaughts of the 20th century.

Symbolically, at the entrance to the city in the middle of the not too wide

roadway stands a large road roller, its smaller front roller removed and lying to one side, further blocking the trafficway. It appears to have been there for days, waiting for repairs that will arrive—who can say? Meanwhile the endless teams of bullocks plod past, pulling their great two wheeled carts on either side.

Fighting for passage down the principal streets, which measure no more than 24 feet from shopfront to shopfront, there are an unpleasant number of trucks, a few tiny, privately-owned cars of considerable age, and a hazardous number of bicycles. But still pre-dominating are the bullock carts again, children playing about, unmindful of the traffic, porters with heavy loads carried on their heads, teams of men tugging along heavily loaded freight carts, pedestrians using the street as though it were a sidewalk, peasants with their tiny stock of fruit or vegetables spread out on the edge of the way, idly roaming sacred cows, women with large brass water jars balanced on their heads, (They are status symbols. To carry an earthenware jar is to expose one's mean estate), and the gay little pony carts with their bells which here still serve as taxis.

Business in the Open

To suggest a department store or a supermarket in Nasik is to laugh. Few local residents could follow you if you described one, so remote are such things from their experience. Here all business is conducted in openfront shops measuring little more than 15 feet square and standing far enough above the roadway so that the cross-legged merchant can look his customers in the eye. Jewelry in one. Cloth merchant next. A small stock of seeds and grains for planting. Another with those seeds and such for the main items in the Hindu vegetarian diet.

An artisan working on a gold ornament. Two men hammering brass water jars into shape. A small stock of drugs. A tobacconist with a fast moving stock of the native Charminar cigarettes, an excellent smoke at about a nickel for a package of 10. A few canned goods in this one, but not many, because most food is sold fresh in the open market. A chemist whose stock contains some American brand name drugs.

That, I hope, is a verbal taste of what Nasik is like.

* * *

NASIK—Go almost any place in India and vanishing traces may be found of the British raj. Nasik is no exception. Here

the memorial is a golf course. Or, more accurately, what used to be one.

It is easy to imagine what it must have been when the Duke of Windsor was a boy. Eighteen full holes. Sparkling green at the end of the wet season. I can see the Deputy Commissioner and his three guests making their leisurely way along, each with one native boy to hold an umbrella over him to ward off the sun, a second to carry his clubs, and a third to locate the hard-driven ball. And the Pukka Sahib Colonel from the post a few miles away with three of his officers playing a more active game.

Glory Gone

But gone is the glory of the Empire. The course today is a sere and bare expanse decorated only with a few scraggly trees and the high, gray walls of an old Muslim cemetery. It is just a great open space across which the Indians must inconveniently walk on the way from where they are to where they must go. A barren place on which old men promenade, small herds of goats graze, dogs gambol, and women with brass water jars balanced on their heads stride across.

The clubhouse, however, still stands. It looks like a little shaky from 20 years of lack of maintenance, but it still stands. The tennis court backstops have almost weathered away, but the driveway is still carefully swept each morning by a man with a bunch of twigs for a broom; and the few, carefully watered, small flower beds supply a cheerful if incongruous note.

Solitary Splendor

The establishment, now government owned, is currently known as the Golf Club Bungalow. It is Nasik's Waldorf-Astoria. It has three available suites, the other two being given a badly needed renovation. Government officials have first call on them and have an inattentive, cheerless staff, who have forgotten most of their British training, to cater to their wishes. When no officials are passing through, visitors with proper connections can occupy them. I must have the right connections. In any event, I occupied the Bungalow last night in solitary splendor.

Suite Three, into which the chokidar ceremoniously ushered me, is a museum piece. The parlor is really a glassed in verandah on the second floor, fitted with heavy Victorian chairs, upholstered in bilious green. The bedroom is dominated by two barracks-type narrow beds with two-inch mattresses, hard one-inch pillows, and mosquito nets draped overhead.

The bath is sectionalized. There is a lavatory in one corner from which comes a thin stream of cold water. Opposite is a tiled square equipped with a bucket of water and a brass cup. One fills the

cup from the bucket, pours the cold water over himself, and shivers. The WC is of the vintage type still found occasionally in remote French inns. A depressed porcelain rectangle in the tile floor, with a drain at one end and two raised footrests at the other. Above to one side is a pull-chain tank for flushing. I looked carefully around. No, there wasn't any. I was glad I had some Kleenex with me.

Coffee, at Least

I dined simply. A dishwatery soup. An overbaked chicken which must have dieted principally on old golf balls it had scratched up. Limp French fries. Boiled cauliflower. The coffee, however, was refreshingly strong.

It had turned bracingly cool by the time I had finished. Nasik has an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet. It must have dropped to around 55 by morning. After the heat of the day, it made one feel like going to bed.

The night proved to be a longish one. Too late I realized that the only covering available was a mattress cover on each bed and that at the Golf Club Bungalow the guest is supposed to bring his own blankets. I used the cover from the opposite bed as a top sheet. My bathrobe also helped some. Not enough, though, to keep me from getting a little nippy around the toes before morning.

It should have been a still night out there in the middle of the golf course. It wasn't. There were the several resident mongrels who took turns going out to bark at jackals. There was a succession of mosquitos to buzz my ears. Too late I remembered to drop the netting.

There were a couple of worse bites suffered later. From the look of the welts, fleas. There was a lovelorn jackass, somewhere off in the distance, to bray at intervals his unrequited passion. There was the occasional rumble of a truck passing on the main road. Then, just after dawn, there was the cheerful, off-key singing of the man who swept clean the driveway with a bundle of twigs.

But don't get the idea I am complaining. Should you ever happen to find yourself in Nasik, India, choose the Golf Club Bungalow. If you can get in. But don't forget your bedding.

—THE END

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She Prays in Golden Pagoda

Reprinted from Maryknoll

By RUTH LOR AND WILLIE CHEN

Like so many Burmese, Makyi Sein looks about half her age. Although she is thirty-seven and the mother of seven children, Makyi Sein looks like a bride in her mid-twenties.

Makyi Sein lives with her husband and children in Insein, a town that is a twenty-minute drive from Rangoon, Burma's capital. Her husband Kyaw Tint is a merchant who owns a printing shop in Insein.

As devout Buddhists, Makyi Sein and her family belong to the official religion of Burma. Every evening the parents and children gather before the family altar and pray from fifteen to thirty minutes. On holy days, Makyi goes to the temple, taking food and flowers to the gods, lighting candles, washing the statues of Buddha, meditating and praying over her beads. Her rituals, prayers and visit to the temple are to gain merit. Although the children are taught religion in school, Makyi Sein believes she has an obligation to teach it also at home.

Makyi Sein's children range between sixteen and two years of age. There are four girls and three boys. Her ambition is for her eldest son to become an engineer and her second son to be a doctor. She would like the girls to be teachers.

Makyi Sein's own education was the equivalent of seven grades. Her schooling was interrupted by the Japanese invasion. She is able to read and write in both Burmese and English but her spoken English is limited.

The average day for Makyi Sein begins at 5 a.m. when she rises, buys bread from a vendor, and tells the boy from the teashop what to buy. At six the children are awakened and dressed, and morning tea is prepared. Breakfast, which consists solely of tea and bread, is at seven. A half hour later, the children are sent off to school. Makyi Sein then washes, dresses herself and leaves at eight for the teashop where she will remain until five, having lunch there. While she is away from home, her mother cares for the three youngest children who are not in school.

When Makyi Sein arrives home, she takes a brief rest. Dinner is at six and is prepared by the cook. Makyi Sein dislikes cooking. In the evening there is the family period of prayer after which she plays with the children, goes for a walk, tends

to the daily accounts, or listens to the radio. Sometimes she and her husband go to a movie.

Makyi Sein operates her household on a monthly budget of slightly less than one hundred dollars; any income beyond this is put away in savings. The monthly budget contains such items as \$38 for food; \$11 for school fees and books; \$5 for electricity; \$6 for cook's salary; \$6 for water; \$5 for clothing; \$6 for charitable donations; \$6 to buy water from the vendor; \$1.50 for the newspaper. Both husband and wife manage the finances. Makyi Sein is business-minded which is unusual for a Burmese woman.

Every other day Makyi Sein goes to market and does most of the family buying. She buys a 120-pound bag of rice once a month. The rice is the basic food and is supplemented by chicken, pork, fish, beef and vegetables. Cooking is in the Chinese style with a variety of dishes to choose from. During the three-month Buddhist Lent, no meat is taken on the first and last days; and only one meal is eaten on the Buddhist Sabbath.

Makyi Sein is a very personable woman. Though quiet and shy with strangers, she is vivacious in the company of friends. She dresses well without being pretentious. She accepts direction easily from her husband. Her pet peeves are cooking and crying children.

The social life of Makyi Sein is not extensive. She goes to the movies about once a month, attends festivals and visits friends. She is interested in community activities and is on the Welfare Planning Committee of Insein which advises the Red Cross, the Girl Guides and other community groups. Her greatest regret in life is that her education was interrupted and that she was not able to go to college and become a teacher. Now it is too late.

"According to the Buddhist tradition," she said, "the first part of life is to have an education, the middle is to acquire property and the last is to devote to religion. I am now in middle life."

Life has been full and simple for Makyi Sein. She is contented and happy, and one cannot ask much more from life than that.

—THE END

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CHINESE workers break rocks to build a taxi strip at Luliang. Photo by Harold F. Zwonechek.

Council Candidate

● One of the candidates for Malibu council in the Jan. 7 election was August J. Haschka, M.D., who is in the practice of medicine at Pacific Palisades. Haschka, 47, was born in Milwaukee Wis., and attended Milwaukee State Teachers College, the University of Wisconsin and Marquette University. During World War II he served as a toxicologist in the China-Burma-India theater.

ABRAHAM A. KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

William D. Hill

● One of our buddies, William D. Hill, was fatally injured in October 1963 in a railroad accident near Rolling Prairie in northeastern Indiana. He served with the Army Airborne Engineers in the CBI theater and is survived by his wife Betty, son Timothy, daughter Susan, brother Richard, and father Walter A. Hill.

HOWARD CLAGER,
Dayton, Ohio

Man of the Month

The EM-Kayan, the magazine of Morrison-Knudsen Co., Inc. for December 1963, tells that Norton G. Stubblefield, Aircraft Shop Supt., M-K Co. Inc., Boise,

Idaho, "has won both a state and regional award from the Federal Aviation Agency for outstanding contribution to safety in general aviation through maintenance practices." The magazine further states: "It was in 1939, at the age of 18, that Stubblefield began his aviation career with his enlistment in the Army Air Corps. Assigned first to general maintenance work, he went on to serve in such capacities as crew chief, ferry chief, flight engineer and engineer-gunner on fighter, bomber and transport planes. His two parachute jumps were made during

his military service—the first in 1939 when a Douglas B-18 quit flying on a training mission over Bakersfield, Calif., and the second in 1942 when a North American B-25 in which he was riding as an engineer-gunner was shot down near Heng Yang, China."

JAMES W. BOWMAN
Honolulu, Hawaii

General Withycombe

● Brig. Gen. Howard J. Withycombe, former chief of staff of the Air Force Academy, was killed January 5 in an auto accident near Big Spring, Texas. Wythycombe, 47, wing commander at Webb Air Force Base, died when his small car and a station wagon collided. He was at the Academy from July 1960 until last August, and was promoted to brigadier general in November. A native of San Jose, Calif., he was graduated from San Jose State in 1939 and later received a master's degree from Florida State University. During World War II he was stationed in India and Burma and made 32 flights over the Hump. He also served as personal pilot to Albert C. Wedemeyer. His wife and two sons survive.

HOWARD KEITH,
Denver, Colo.



RACE COURSE at Shanghai, China, as seen from grandstand. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

Commander's

Message

by

Haldor Reinholt

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



As you read this I shall be on my Western tour. See last month's column for my itinerary. From all indications it will really be something to "write home about". Colonel "Pop" Steele, that renegade New Englander, is going to introduce me to some El Paso sourdough. "Digger" Runk, our Senior Vice-Commander, will fly in from Houston to be with me when I present the charter to our newest Basha—the El Paso Del Norte Basha. The folks in San Francisco are going to try to lose me in Chinatown. I should have enough material from this trip to cover all my future columns, which leaves me somewhat at a loss at this time.

Of course, while I am gallivanting around the countryside, the "eager beavers" of the Delaware Valley Basha will be working hard to make the 1964 Reunion an unforgettable experience. Al Frankel, Bertha Urenson, John Travia, Bob Bovey, Harry Davis, Doc Zacharias, Phillip Heller, James Myers, Sam Krulick, Walter Phillips, Joseph Fowler, George Baker, Harry Lafferty, Michael Conroy, George Munks, Helen Poulson, Joseph Kaytes and Cordelia Shute will be weaving a big red carpet on which you will all cut up when you come to Philly.

Last night I got a long distance phone call from General Rockwell Brown asking that I serve on the Board of the American Medical Bureau for Aid to Burma—the organization which has been the financial life-line for Seagrave's Namkham Hospital these years since 1945. I think this appointment is an honor.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.
—Ed.

or not so much for me but as a recognition of the fine effort that the C.B.I.V.A. has shown in behalf of the Seagrave's Fund. I know many of you are anxious to know about the recent restrictions placed on the American medical personnel working in Burma and I hope to answer your questions in future columns.

This will confirm that our next National Board Meeting will be held at the Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia, on May 23. Bertha Urenson is in charge of the hospitality for that meeting and any of you who plan to attend and have any special requests should write to her at 4801 N. Warnock Street, Philadelphia 41, Pa.

Shortly after our November Board meeting we had an inquiry from Louis J. Poudre about forming a Basha in of all places—Saigon, Southern Vietnam. It was very encouraging to me to know that the existence of our organization had traveled to that corner of the earth. If it is legally permissible for us to charter a Basha there we would become an international organization with international responsibilities. Certainly news from that Basha would make for exotic reading in our C.B.I.V.A. membership publication, Soundoff. But with the situation changing so swiftly in South Vietnam their application for membership may be a moot question by the time of our next National Board meeting.

HALDOR REINHOLT
National Commander
6803 N. Broad
Philadelphia 26, Pa.

WE NEED YOUR COOPERATION!

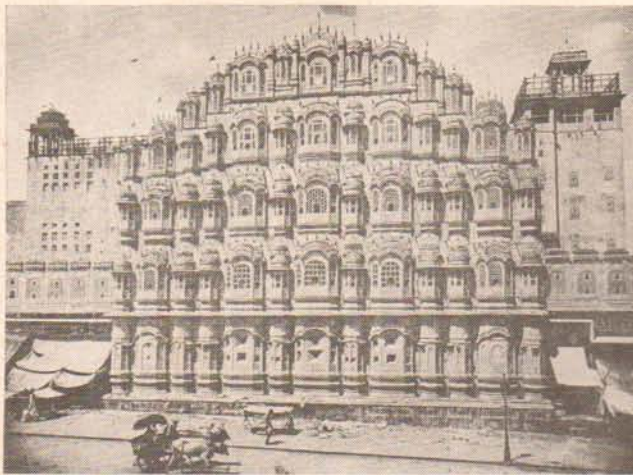
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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa



TOWN HALL at Jaipur, India, with City College on the left. Photo by Col. James A. Dearbeyne.

WACS at Fair

● Many of the WACS who served at Hastings Mill outside of Calcutta have indicated they are coming to New York this year or next for the World's Fair. If each of them lets me know the definite date they'll be in New York, I'll be pleased to act as a "clearing house" for this information and to share it with others of our group who will be making the trip. Those of us in the New York area would love to set up a get-together for these visitors.

CLAIRE J. HUEBSCH,
56 Sheridan Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

James Murray Beardsley

● Dr. James Murray Beardsley, one of the outstanding medical men who served in CBI, died Jan. 15 at Providence, R.I. He was known widely for his surgical contributions in the repair of diaphragmatic hernia and for his development of procedures in the intensive post-operative care required by patients after major surgery. He was also the author of numerous publications, more than a score of them in nationally-known medical

journals, and served for 10 years as chief of surgery at Rhode Island Hospital before retiring from that position in 1960. He was a native of Nova Scotia. During World War II he was a member of the Army's 48th Evacuation Hospital, a unit which went into active service in 1942 with 32 doctors and 53 nurses from Rhode Island Hospital. The unit served in the jungles of Assam, handling Chinese bat-

tle casualties from the Burma campaign as well as Japanese prisoners. Dr. Beardsley was separated from the Army in 1946 as a lieutenant colonel.

PAUL TOBEY,
Providence, R.I.

Met in Motel

● Picked up the June 1963 issue of your magazine today in the lobby of a motel and was surprised to find out that anyone ever thought enough of us old mud sloggers from over there in the land of the awful smell and the wet monsoons (was there ever a dry one?) to publish a magazine about it. Or us. Have been outside the States for the last 10 years... spotted that old shoulder patch clear across the room and went over and scooped it up and have read every damn page.

EARL A. GOODRICH,
Page, Ariz.

Brakes on Time

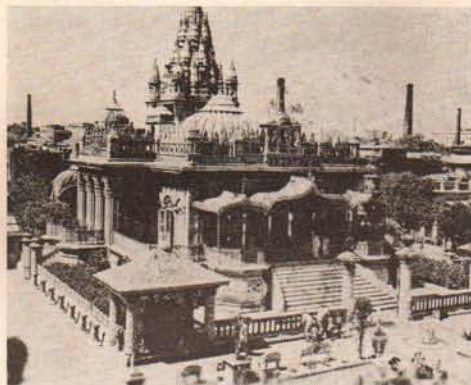
● Wow! Do those years ever go by! Perhaps paying a two-year subscription at a time will slow 'em down.

CHUCK MITCHELL
Merrit Island, Fla.



CHINESE farmer hauling long poles for building near Luliang, China. Photo by Robert C. Smith.

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Be sure to read the complete story in this issue . . . and notify Ex-CBI Roundup if you plan to take advantage of this opportunity.